

Evening Telegraph

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1864.

THE FOLLOWING IS THE FIRST POEM EVER WRITTEN IN A BALLOON. As a historical precedent it possesses great interest. On Saturday, at half-past 10, Professor Lowe elevated our poet, Elmer Bass Coates, to a splendid altitude, and while sailing in the sky, he relieved himself of the subjoined effusion—

*For the Evening Telegraph.***A BALLOON POEM.**

BY ELMER BASS COATES.

Weh, here we go; we're bounding to the sky; And, for the moon, we're rather high. Two more flights, and we'll be there; And, for heaven on the gentle deck, Here we go sailing on a wavy deck, And pray all who dangers by the neck. Both in a basket, both are going out; Now, in a basket, both are going out.

Ye gods! I'm prone to fear above you all, And truly hope pride will not have a fall. **No! separation!**—Joy will fill each cap. For now's the time that poetry is ap. Good-bye! the laws are in the lane, And the home is never seen again. The swarming politician cannot bore, Old mother don't shock us with their ruff and roar.

That well-read man, the baker, cannot come; The book is not color third to dust; The hokey-hooch will not bid us eat. The hokey-hooch because I need to eat.

The landlord, now, may swear and have a fit, No constable can serve me with a writ, Now may the jockey ship his master's mask.

Now let Miss Languish beg me for a sonnet Upon that most stupendous theme—her bonnet, Or send her brother with a "hasty scroll," To claim my presence at the evening ball.

I'm at a tall in which I mean to cleave— But far exceeds the one she'll see this eve.

Out with the ballad—let me mount the stars; There, now I see the wrinkled face of Mars. He tells me, with compassion on his brow, That Grant and Sherman are men for now.

He's a son can many truths reveal;

Paraphrase and pose, Homeric adieu; I used to long to climb the tops of you.

Place one upon the other, and you'll see The two crowns that now go up to me.

With a vision of a May's eye,

They are played out; but first would I refuse Urania, the astronomic muse.

IV.

Come avant! the grandeur all around. Now claims my soul to feelings more profound.

High, high, how low may I scan

The land of God and man of mortal man.

Ah! now I feel but a useless thing.

At though an insect poised upon the wing;

A living atom or some breathing clay.

Puched on the wind to quickly pass away.

Fair Philadelphia! how grand a sight!

My native place affords a new delight.

Here I behold, in grand array,

All the world's in living with my feet.

A home is ever in my ear.

While carriage, horse, and mule as toys appear;

The streets are alleys, alleys but a line.

And now 'tis but a yard from Race to Vine.

Here, as a climax to the grand of life,

There holds me in a close embrace.

While on the water snowy stains I trace.

Beneath me woods, in sere and yellow leaf,

Blended life is varied and is brief.

While carriage, horse, and mule as toys appear;

The streets are alleys, alleys but a line.

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EXTRACTS FROM REBEL PAPERS.

From the *Richmond Whig*, Nov. 25.

Georgia is now the interesting military field of the Confederacy, Sherman having discarded caution, and boldly advanced into the interior. We would that, in our present condition, the slaves, who are now dependent upon southern sources for information concerning his movements, could tell our readers where he is and how he is moving.

It suffices to say, however, that there is nothing in the situation to cause even the least hoped-for confidence to see that the campaign, as now taken in that quarter, will not meet most advantageously to our cause. In view of the rapidity with which the rebels are advancing upon the South, we induce the confidence that Sherman will soon here to extract both his military skill and unquestioned energy in making good the retreat of the remnant of his defeated army.

Letter from Georgia.—
It is reported that we have received the news of the capture of the rebel prison at Millen, and rescue of 20,000 Union prisoners.

FOURTH EDITION

The Georgia Campaign.

REPORTED RESCUE OF OUR PRISONERS.

Probable Capture of the Rebel Prison at Millen, and Rescue of 20,000 Union Prisoners.

SHERMAN WITHIN SIX HOURS MARCH OF MILLLEN ON THE 23D INST.

The Advance to Milledgeville.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF MACON.

Details of the Movements of our Army to the 20th inst.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

The March to Milledgeville, the Capital of Georgia.

General Howard's route is Millen, Georgia, distant one hundred and eight miles from the Atlantic coast.

The march runs south through the eastern centre of the state, and ends at the capital of Georgia, Milledgeville.

Our latest intelligence from Savannah leads us to hope that the rescue of these prisoners has already been accomplished.

We publish here a statement from General Sherman's part.

This affair occurred near Jonesboro, where the Rebels are still without supplies.

General Sherman's march is regarded as being of great importance.

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